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Contributed by Readers of THE PULPIT

The Keystone

In the old state capital building in Frankfort, Ky., is a staircase so remarkable that a prisoner is said to have earned his freedom by its construction. After mounting a few steps to a central landing, one may continue the ascent either to the right or the left on steps which circle upward, close to the curving wall.

One's interest is first caught by the fact that these steps are held in place by no beam, nail or support of any kind, but are perfectly balanced, one upon the other. And then, as the two flights curve to meet at the second floor, one marvels further to learn that all are held in such exactitude by the great slab of stone—the keystone—at the top, and that if it be moved as much as a fraction of an inch, the entire stairway would crumble to its base.

May not the church, with its value to the social order, be considered as the keystone which holds in place the stairway of life?

A Shout of Faith

Who says that the Christian faith is dead, or that it deserts those who need it most? Here is a letter which an American of Japanese ancestry wrote to Mrs. Ruth Lindstrom of South Pasadena, California. Before the writer was compelled to leave his home and his business, he was a prosperous business man in Long Beach. From the bleak internment camp he wrote:

"To my grievance, most of our folks in this camp think present life in this camp and in the coming relocation center are their sideline of the life. And this sideline is forced by U. S. government. So they don't know what to do and the days spent and will spent are merely like an appendix to their lives.

"But to me it is more serious. Those camp life is to me a part of my whole life which God had planned for me personally. And my daily prayer is to find out his will and thank which he cared me.

"Your folks came from east to west and we are going west to east to find our future. This is our opportunity to show you and all American what we can do at where your folks have abandoned. Twenty thousand Japanese and their American-born children moving inland. On those places you will find later our folks will work like American pioneer and change wilderness to fertile land to take peaceful share of American prosperity.

"I am not going to be *sent* but I am *going* to show the people in California what sort of man we really are. But many of us have no bright future and think they are doomed. But Mrs. Lindstrom, don't worry—as I have repeated, He is with me and it's my firm belief that He is always thinking and planning for me and cared me for better. Please pray for us, the people in this camp so that they can have more courage for future adventure and think life more serious and there's no time to waste in life."

Each Bringing His Own Light

In Switzerland there is a church in the Alps, up the mountain a little way from the village which it serves. There are no lights or lamps in it. When the time comes for the evening service, one can see the villagers coming from their homes each one bearing his light. At first there is only a glimmer in the gathering darkness, but when all have arrived for the service the little church is aglow with the combined light of many lamps and candles.

Here is a symbol for us today. Our light may seem feeble in the dark world, but as each bears his light of witness to the gospel, the world can be made to glow with the light that comes from him who said, "I am the Light of the world."—*Hoover Rupert, First Methodist Church, Thayer, Kan.*

The Victory of Faith

Faith is not a blind assumption with no support. It is simply saying that when immediate circumstances and God's ultimate nature seem to be in contradiction one must always trust God's nature.

Sometimes in severest winter we who lived along the Ohio river saw it freeze from shore to shore. The ice covered the flow of the water, the snow was a blanket upon the hills around. Looking upon this scene we could say, How still was my valley! It was stable and calm. But as the weeks went by there would appear out near the center of the ice a small stream of water where the thaw was beginning. Great cracks began to radiate from this center. A floe broke away, another followed, then a raging, crashing, terrifying torrent of ice. Blocks of ice were pushed like chips upon the bank. Great jams piled up at the bridges ceaselessly grinding against each other. How terrifying was my valley!

But we learned to wait. That was not the end. In a few days the ice had passed on and in a few weeks the grass began to appear on the hillsides. Now looking back we can say, How green was my valley! We learned to wait through the continuing terror of the ice because this, after all, was how spring came to our valley.

"Behold, we *know* not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring."

And that is faith!—*Gene E. Bartlett, First Baptist Church, Columbia, Mo.*

When Madame Chiang Kai-shek Learned How to Pray

Madame Chiang Kai-shek tells how one day a few years ago she was talking with her devout Christian mother about the imminent menace of Japan, and suddenly cried out with intense feeling: "Mother, you're so powerful in prayer. Why don't you pray that God will annihilate Japan—by an earthquake or something?" After a significant pause her mother replied: "When you pray, or expect me to pray, don't insult God's intelligence by asking him to do something unworthy even of you, a mortal." That reply made such an impression that today Madame Chiang Kai-shek and her intrepid husband pray for the Japanese people as well as for their own.—*E. H. Eckel, Jr., Trinity Church, Tulsa, Okla., in Trinity Tidings.*

History Is On the Side of Progress

Dr. Charles A. Beard was asked what he had learned out of his years of the study of history. He replied by stating four things: 1. "When it's darkest, the stars come out." 2. "When a bee steals from a flower, it fertilizes the flower" (meaning that injustices stimulate a people). 3. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." 4. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine." In other words Dr. Beard has learned from his long studies that the dynamic of history is on the side of progress.—*Hubert N. Dukes, First Congregational Church, Jackson, Mich.*

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The Pulpit

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

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The Day of the Lord Is Darkness

BY PAUL SCHERER

A CLAUSE sets me thinking—"God hath visited." A technical expression, meaning that the day of the Lord had come. That day for which the Jews had been looking through centuries. The day when as a nation they should be lifted out of trouble and redeemed. So I turn back to the book of Amos the prophet to see what he has to say about it. And there is a strange thing.

Amos 5:18 (in part) . . . "The day of the Lord is darkness, not light."

He was talking to people who were altogether too sure of God, and couldn't conceive it possible that instead of being for them he might be against them. This Amos lived some 760 years before Christ, but he said some things that have outlived him; and they will outlive us. If we wanted to locate him in our century, it would have to be back in the nineteen-twenties. In his day, to the casual eye, everything was very much all right. The king, and even history itself, had done an all-around good job for the moment of making at least the "better people" absolutely comfortable. Most of them, it's true, were far too rich for their own use or anybody else's; and many of them were amazingly callous; so that you didn't stand a great chance of having any justice done you anywhere unless you had a bit of "pull." There wasn't much genuine morality left even in religion. The most outrageous things went on under the cloak of piety. But never mind. God was all lined up with them, business was booming, and foreign affairs had settled down no end. They had almost half a century yet in Israel before they were to be destroyed.

Suddenly this simple herdsman and fruit-grower, from an altogether different section of the country, came up north and began to fling his thunderbolts around. You can imagine how popular he was. He said it wouldn't do, not any of it. God was still in the picture; and God wasn't playing their game. The day of the Lord was about to dawn, and it wouldn't be all sweetness and light. There would be grasshoppers to plague them, and fire to burn them, and the roof of the sanctuary would fall in on their heads. Of course, nobody paid any attention to him; nobody but history itself. Everybody knew whose side God was on—until history gave the lie to it. Then it was too late.

I

Now to me it's perfectly obvious that something like that is always happening. Here is the first thing I want to say. We are forever running into some "day of the Lord." And most of them are difficult. Take this huge calamity that's stalking abroad. What is that if it isn't what Amos was talking about? Or take the sorrows and the failures and the disappointments that every once in a while come tearing their way into our own private lives. What are they? And I'm all for facing them. Deliver me from the people who smile at me in order to build up my morale. They look silly. The prophets were eager to know what all the endless trouble we keep barging into was about. And so am I.

They said it was about God. They said that most of it came from bumping into the moral order of the universe. They were sure that the very darkest days of our experience were the days when we were being confronted by the Almighty in judgment, and couldn't any longer get away from him. We make the mistake of connecting him more often than not with light and peace and solace and hope; they connected him first of all with tragedy and defeat. They didn't connect him particularly with the accidents that happen to us; though I have never yet seen an accident that fell beyond God's reach, so that he couldn't do anything about it. They didn't connect him primarily with the illness that lays hold on us, or with the death that seems to cancel out so heartlessly somebody we love. These are the normal risks life was set here to run; and we have to run them without complaining every time we're hurt that God has it in for us. They connected him with the disasters which we are continually bringing on ourselves by running smack up against what somebody has called "the structure of reality," and they called God. Smashing into him is no fun; and that's exactly what we do.

I simply wish we'd quit trying to explain it all on some other basis. When war comes, we say it's the clash of ideas. But ideas don't clash. People clash. And they clash not because they have ideas. That would make the clash inevitable. Some are trying to say it is, but the thing's absurd. People clash because they are what they are; and what they are doesn't get on in God's world. When it's a broken home we're reporting, once more we have our rationalizations all ready for you. We talk about incompatibility, as if that were something let down out of heaven, like Peter's sheet, knit at the four corners, and full of creeping things and unclean beasts. Or it all goes down to the credit of an unfortunate disposition we inherited from a great-uncle on the side of our mother's mother. I read the other

day that Thomas Aquinas, the great scholastic of the Middle Ages, was probably caused by polarity. You figure that one out. We're naturalists, and we're almost incurable. Then we pile our ridiculous optimisms on top of that. Conditions can't go on forever, we submit, being as bad as they are. May I just simply add in parenthesis, You'd be surprised! And what's the upshot of it? The upshot of it is that when the day of the Lord comes, it's just another Wednesday for us! We take it simply for a queer turn of events, and we try to fix it up to suit ourselves. And it's the judgment of God!

Do you suppose we could give these tough spots in human life their right name at last? They are God's steady judgments. And that's what history is! The long record of past history isn't just the story of tensions piling up until they break, and we have to start over again. You can come at it that way if you like; but if you'd come at it with the will of a holy and righteous God in the forefront of your mind, you'd see how much more sense it makes. It isn't merely something we do: it's also something that's done to us; precisely as a broken cartilage is what the law of gravity does to you when you turn up your nose at it. And these lives of ours are wrought out on the same pattern. The facts we bring into contempt do something to us. God is one of them. John Mason Brown says it's hard to sketch on a stage the universal tragedy of our time, because it's so huge, and your material is nothing but little people. I'm not so sure he's right. It's big scale out yonder, and it's small scale with us; but it's all the same ruthless business, and a puddle can reflect the sky! There and here we run into God! And no matter how smoothly things seem to go for a while, it's that that smashes them in the end!

II

So you see what follows. If these days of judgment are to be for us days of learning—and unless we make them that they are a total loss—then the question we've got to begin putting to ourselves is clear. We've got to face every situation of life with it. We've got to ask not, "What is there here that I'm against?" We've got to ask this: "What is there here that's against God?"

Some of us are slowly coming to it. Writes J. H. Oldham in the *Christian News-Letter* from Britain: "There is much in this country"—speaking of his own—"to awaken doubt as to whether or not we here, unless we change, are morally or spiritually capable of meeting the demands of the postwar period, or even of the war itself." Surely the more thoughtful people in America share his uncertainty. Walk down the streets at night, read your paper in the morning with an eye that refuses to be hoodwinked by puerilities, and put it straightly to yourself: How much of it is worth carrying through? Is its drunkenness? Is its skepticism? Is its disbelief? Is its cynicism? Is its mad pursuit of pleasure or profit? What is there about us that under God deserves a future? What is there about you? When we solemnly undertake to let the rest go, we shall have begun to lay the foundations of a new order. But not before, no matter how much we fight, or how bravely.

Now you make as specific as you please what I'm going to say next. Make it fit your own need. You can do it easily enough. Here I just want to put into words as simply as I can, and so necessarily in somewhat general terms, what this is that's against God in the total situation which confronts us. One could blanket it all down as preachers sometimes do and say it's sin; but that is a kind of blanket-word, and I want to avoid it. Some people don't even know what it means. Allow me to say only this in passing, that if I belonged today in the ranks of the super-patriots, I'd be a great deal more concerned about finding out what sin means than about waving the flag around or refusing to touch the emblem of Japan. An adequate definition of sin has more to do with true patriotism than many of the other things which demand a disproportionate share of our time and attention. Further: if I were you, and had any real taste at all for the days to come, I'd not only be finding out what sin means, but I'd be doing something today and tomorrow about the fact itself!

But to get back. We think what we're facing is a kind of hang-over from our brute ancestry. You've heard men and women talk about the primitive barbarism of the nazis and the Japanese. I notice they are saying that about us too. They aren't civilized, we aren't civilized. Dismiss it all. There's nothing primitive about any of it: it's mature. It isn't a reversion; it's a development. Life doesn't grow away from such things; it grows into them. The petulance of a child is bad. The malevolence of a man is worse. And that's what we have to manage. Let's quit being absurd. No use asking science to deliver us from evil; for thine is the education and the legislation and the evolution, for ever and ever. It won't get us out. The farther on we go, the vaster the wrong becomes. I can do more harm in my kind of world than Machiavelli could do in his. There is progress in righteousness; but there is progress in wickedness to keep step with it.

The thing that's against God in the total situation which confronts us is the stark and proud assumption that we don't need him: that we can be secure without him, that we have the last word, that with our vast powers of reason and of will we can master our present and shape our destiny. No wonder his day when it comes is dark! The Bible says it's the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom; and we think it's the end of wisdom and the mind's surrender: so we let it go in at one ear and out at the other. But the universe is built on it! We just don't get along without it. And I'm not talking religion now. I'm talking history! That unknown prophet whom we call Second Isaiah cries out to Babylon, that proud city: "Thou saidst, I shall be a lady forever; so that thou dost not lay these things to thy heart." Then he points at her the finger of doom: "Thy nakedness shall be uncovered; yea, thy shame shall be seen." We are Babylon, who call ourselves men! Look at us. The centuries themselves have stripped us of our illusions of mastery. If they haven't, God pity us!

What we're really witnessing today—and it's the source of all the conflict that goes on in our own individual lives—is the collision of two worlds: two worlds in which we've been trying to live simultaneously by the simple device of straddling. One is the world of nature, and the other is the world of God. In the world of nature, which we know far better than we know the world of God, man is supreme. In it we try to live by our wits. We try to get ahead by seeking our own ends. We try to achieve peace through self-reliance, safety through greed, and power through pride. That world we have inherited from classical antiquity through the Renaissance; and whatever there is that's the matter with us is born there! With Christianity another world began to strive for dominion. In that world man was required to climb down. Humility and obedience, in scorn of consequence, love and suffering, hope and faith, were the highway to happiness and the entrance into the Kingdom of God. Here's where all our talk about impractical idealism comes from. You can't successfully straddle these two worlds. You can't bring them into any sort of ultimate harmony. The collision between them is the point where sin overtakes human history.

III

So far then I've tried to say two things: first, that the hard facts of human life mean God. The Bible doesn't suggest that his primary function is to undergird; it keeps insisting over and over again that his function is also to splinter the way we live into kindling wood. Second, I have tried to point out that every day of judgment can be for us a day of learning. We can make some effort to understand the essential nature of the battle that rages at the very center of all human experience: between our deliberate rebellion and God's unbroken sovereignty. Give me a word now about the issue.

It isn't so much the re-establishment of human rights that concerns us. We publicize that a good deal. But it isn't the road into the future. Nobody ever gets far by asserting them. Besides, what rights have we? Do we have a right to our own way of thinking? There are fairly rigid limits set to that, aren't there? We've no right any longer to think the world is flat. And I could mention a few other matters! Do we have any right to safety? It wouldn't seem so. These inalienable rights of our Declaration of Independence are little more on analysis than the kind of sense which nonsense sometimes makes. We've been overdoing most of them. Where are your rights now to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness? We have to give them up in order to keep them! The only inalienable right we have is the right to God. And he established that with a cross and a man on it!

I wonder if you can even begin to see how deeply this is the answer. A few weeks ago I saw a child being punished by its father; and it came running to him. That's the first business of the future. That has to happen on the earth. It's the kind of creative strategy and response that stand at the heart of the Christian gospel, and always will: not the Sermon on the Mount, but the power and grace of Almighty God in Jesus Christ, condemning all our wrong, all our rebellion, all our self-satisfied willfulness but taking it up into his own heart, until it becomes as it were his, and he himself is its victim. A mother does that; and God does it. There in his own life he conquers what we cannot, and transmutes it into the only good that's possible for us. Then hoists over it the flag of his eternal Presence.

There is no other gospel for a time like ours. I have no leisure left nowadays in which to tell stories about a Jesus who was an exceedingly fine person and embodied for us all the first-class virtues that we have to copy. That gospel will leave you where you are with nothing but an impossible pattern of what you can never be. I have leisure nowadays only for the God who came in Jesus out of Nazareth never to forego his verdict on human pride but to outrun it with his mercy. He'll never say in history that wrong and right are both the same; he'll never say it to you by leaving your little world alone. He'll have his day of austerity and judgment; but he'll go beyond it with his love, as all love does, and turn it into the promise and the pressure of a great compassion that one other day shall wipe away a man's tears as if they were his own.

Here's how it works. It's told in this letter of a sailor boy:

> Dear Sir:
>
> I'm a sailor, and I'll be pulling out in a few hours. But first I've got something to say. I came into your place this morning lonely as hell and scared to death about sailing again. I wanted to talk to somebody pretty bad. And there was a girl who said hello to me. She said for me to sit down; and we got talking about the future. I said maybe there wouldn't be any for me. If only a fellow could be sure, I said, that something would come through worth dying for, it wouldn't be so bad.
>
> And then she said the queerest thing. She smiled and said, "That's easy. Christ is coming through, and he's worth dying for." I looked at her, and she kept talking as if he was alive, and a good pal of hers. I sort of expected to see him walk in the door, it was so real!
>
> I was only there about ten minutes; and I don't know why, but her talking to me like that sort of did something to me, and I'm not lonely any more, and I'm not scared. It was like she had said, "I want to make you acquainted with my friend Jesus. You ought to get to know each other since he'll be going your way." I'm nineteen, and I never knew before that there was a God like that who would go along with a fellow. It don't matter so much now if my ship goes down and I go down with it, as long as there's a God that no sub can sink and that won't ever change from what's right even if the war goes on forever!
>
> I wanted to go back and tell that girl thank you; but I didn't want her to think of me as fresh. Maybe you could tell her for me—and thank you.
>
> Respectfully and gratefully yours,
>
> A Sailor.

The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light; but it's the day of the Lord, with a cross outlined against the sky. And that's all the light we need!

'Men of Nazareth'

. . . called a Nazarene. Matthew 2:23.

By Herbert Beecher Hudnut

THE strength of a city lies in her citizens. Her fame is theirs. Her reputation is good or bad because of the things they do, their daily walk and conversation. If they build a community where men have equal opportunities, where the strong support the weak, where the chief product of the factories is men of character, where the schools develop self-reliant, honest leaders, and the churches increase the life of the spirit—then the reputation of that city is spread far and wide and her influence becomes incalculable in man's progress toward justice and righteousness.

Nazareth was just an ordinary little city, built on the hills fifty miles north of Jerusalem and above the valley of Jezreel where some of the battles of the world have been fought. It had been a city for many years before Jesus was born to one of her families. There were good people in that city, make no mistake about that. But, for some reason, it was now obscure, a place of no importance. It was on the down-grade. People ran it down. They looked askance when a Nazarene passed by. If you wanted a fight, all you needed to do was to call someone by that name. It had become a term of contempt and reproach. Remember Nathaniel's incredulity when Philip asked him to meet an up-country man—"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" That was the way people felt about Nazareth.

'CALLED A NAZARENE'

Our Lord grew up in that city and during his ministry, first by his enemies and later by his friends, he was called a Nazarene. At first it was a hissing sound, spit out through the teeth to hurt and to insult. Now, in the providence of God, it has become a blessing, linked as it is forever with the name of the Savior. There was reason for calling him a native of that city. His parents, Joseph and Mary, lived there and went down to Bethlehem of Judea from Nazareth to be enrolled because Bethlehem was their former home. After his birth and their flight to Egypt, they returned and it is probable that Jesus lived there until his call came to preach.

Others have called Jesus a Nazarene, confusing the word with Nazirite. There had been Nazirites in Israel since the days of Samson and Samuel—strange ascetics who drank no wine, who never shaved their heads, and who took the service of the sanctuary seriously, keeping themselves from defilement. John Baptist was a Nazirite and Paul leaned toward that persuasion. Certainly Jesus was an ascetic in that he kept himself clean and unspotted from the world. But there is no historical basis for calling him a Nazirite—a name coming from the Hebrew verb "to separate." He was correctly called a Nazarene because his family came from Nazareth and he lived there many years.

Matthew, the priestly writer, was always trying to link Jesus up with the Old Testament. He says that Jesus settled in Nazareth that the prophecy might be fulfilled, "He shall be called a Nazarene." Now, the truth of the matter is that Nazareth is never mentioned in the Old Testament. Matthew is playing on words. The prophets used the Hebrew word "netzer" which means "a branch." Jesus was the fulfillment of these prophecies. He was the branch to whom Jeremiah refers:

> Behold, the days come, saith Jehovah, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and He shall reign as king and deal wisely and shall execute justice and righteousness in the land. (23:5)

Matthew deliberately made this play on words to show that Jesus' lowly origin was in line with God's purpose. The fact that our Lord came from Nazareth was the fulfillment of the prophetic anticipation that he should be despised and rejected of men.

THE SILENT YEARS

Jesus' early years, the days of his childhood and youth, the "silent years," were spent in Nazareth. The men of that city watched him grow up in their midst. They knew him as the son of Joseph and Mary. Some of them, no doubt, accompanied his parents on that eventful journey to Jerusalem when he was taken to the temple at the age of twelve to conform to Jewish law and to make the necessary sacrifices required of a lad entering adolescence. His reply to his parents in the temple, "Wist ye not that I must be in my Father's House, about my Father's business?" was spread abroad in Nazareth.

There is no record that the men of Nazareth profited from these words, that they increased their zeal for the sanctuary, that there was a revival of religious education. No record except one home where Jesus was subject to his parents, doing what they told him to do, where he grew and became strong, where he was filled with wisdom and the favor of God was upon him. How blind those neighbors must have been! Right next door, on the very same street, in their city, this miracle of God was unfolding before their very eyes, the matchless perfection of Jesus' life which his mother described years later to Luke with these words: "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

We wrong these men of Nazareth when we condescend to them. They were ordinary people, unimaginative just like the rest of us. So often we neglect to show our children the obedience to God which Jesus learned at home and in the church. Blame the men of Nazareth if you will, but turn the searchlight of your criticism upon the religious environment of your home. Is the father a priest in the highest sense of the word, opening the Scriptures for the instruction of the children, offering the prayers of the household, making

adequate sacrifices to God of humble and contrite spirits? Is the mother a teacher of all that is good and pure and kind, rightly dividing the word of truth? Are brothers and sisters increasing in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man?

A THOUGHTFUL CARPENTER

It is probable that Joseph died when Jesus was a young man and thereafter the first-born son had the care of his mother, brothers and sisters. Not one word of these eighteen years, from the incident of the temple to the beginning of his public ministry, has come to us from the evangelists. Anything which we may say about them is pure surmise. We know that he was a carpenter and that he took part in the life of the little city. He learned many of his lessons by observing nature and by studying particularly Deuteronomy, Psalms and Isaiah. He meditated on the Roman conquest, the thoughts of the powerful, the proud and the poor, the ways of a shepherd with his sheep, the play of children in the market place and the labor at harvest time. Nothing escaped his notice from the least to the greatest. Everything was woven into a pattern of life by his mind, the pattern which began with God's purpose and ended with man's deliberate choices.

Man's life at the start is like a clean piece of tracing paper. It is laid on the drafting board of time. Underneath is the outline of a splendid design. The beginning and the end is there, a plan that may be traced out to the glory of God. But man is stubborn and conceited and cruel. He ignores the work of the Divine Architect and sketches inglorious ideas of what his life should be. At the end of his life he looks at the result and realizes his utter failure and understands the sobbing of a broken heart: "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Jesus learned this in Nazareth. He saw that his highest strategy must be to interpret the divine plan so that men would want to trace it out in their own lives. First, it must become incarnate in his life. Then, slowly and carefully, he would win others to share in creating the heavenly design. I have seen him enter a home in Nazareth where selfish children had little time or enthusiasm to care for aged parents. After the prayer of thanksgiving and the breaking of bread, he said, "They that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." I have watched him at the end of a grueling day in the harvest fields, surrounded by migrant workers, who are notoriously ill-paid even to this day, as he spoke to the landowner: "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

NAZARETH REJECTS HER TEACHER

Yes, that was the way Jesus talked to men. Do you remember the day he was invited to speak at an important affair, when influential men were entertaining their wives? How elaborate the menu! How expensive the appointments! How cultured the atmosphere! How altogether lovely everything was! Can you ever forget his words to those "first families" of Nazareth? "The love of money is the root of all evil. Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness. If any man would follow my teaching, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily."

Shortly thereafter he left Nazareth to return but once. Did they miss him? Did they send neighbors to fetch him back? Did they make the reforms which he suggested? Was it a better city because he had lived there? Was the life more equitable? Was the place more neighborly? Was there any increase in church attendance? The answers to these questions are not at hand. We may only guess at some of them. After his baptism and the wilderness experience, he went back to his native place to open his public ministry. He had left as a private citizen. He returned as a famous teacher with a group of disciples, but received no impressive welcome. He healed a few sick persons but could do very little because of the unbelief of his former neighbors.

He waited for the Sabbath for an opportunity to teach, and when that day came he went to the synagogue "as his custom was." That had been the habit of his life in Nazareth, though up to this moment he had been a silent worshiper. Evidently a large audience greeted him. He had been invited to preach by the elders who considered him a distinguished and competent teacher. He sat on a slightly raised dais with his back to Jerusalem. On his right were the men of the city; on his left the women of Nazareth, wearing veils and seated behind a lattice. Near him were the ruler of the synagogue and the elders in the chief seats.

The clerk handed him the Roll for the second lesson and he chose Isaiah 61, which is read by the Jews on the great day of Atonement:

> The spirit of the Lord is upon me because He has consecrated me to preach the Gospel to the poor. He has sent me to heal the broken-hearted, proclaim release for captives, and recovery of sight for the blind, to set free the oppressed, to proclaim the Lord's year of favor.

SCORNED AS AN UPSTART

Our Lord read these words in Hebrew, which was at this time a dead language. An interpreter translated them for the congregation in Aramaic or Greek. After the Roll was put away in the ark, Jesus sat down and said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." The first words of his sermon announced that he was the Messiah, foretold by Isaiah. His hearers were pleased. They said one to another, "This local boy is doing all right!" They were impressed by his attractiveness. At that moment a cloud passed over. The meaning of his words darkened their pleasure. "He says he is the Messiah, this carpenter who used to fashion yokes for our oxen, this laboring man who planed our doors and repaired our sheds—what right has this man whom we have known for years to all these gifts? No one else ever left here as a carpenter and came back as a rabbi to work miracles. He comes from the lowly home of Mary; his four brothers and his sisters are right here in the synagogue with us. Divine mission? Bah! He could

never be the Messiah in a million years! Why the young upstart! He must be crazy!"

So they thought and so they spoke right out in meeting. Jesus heard them and replied that it was always the lot of prophets to be ill-received at home. He knew their distrust and unbelief and saw that he could there do no mighty works. But he could deal with a serious moral problem. They wanted him to flatter them. He pierced the veneer of their self-righteousness. They looked ahead to the miracles which he would perform, like those which had made him famous in Capernaum. He performed none. They smacked their lips over the good business which crowds of curiosity seekers would bring to Nazareth. He did not wait for the crowds. They anticipated the fame that would come because of his presence. All this was to be theirs. He was their property!

Jesus had not come home for any of these reasons. He had come to announce the program of the gospel. He declared himself the Messiah, the fulfillment of Isaiah's prophecy. He showed them that God's truth is never the exclusive possession of a chosen few but a universal gift—for Jews and Gentiles, for Samaritans and Romans, for Galileans and Judeans. He appealed to the prophetic tradition. Elijah and Elisha worked miracles for aliens. They carried God's mercies beyond Israel to the poor and outcast of all races. His work as Messiah was the same, to carry good news to the oppressed and to proclaim redemption for the afflicted.

THE TRAGEDY OF NAZARETH

Their indignation at his presumption turned to passion and violence. They could not allow this carpenter whom they wanted to treat as an equal to assert the superior claims of Gentiles and lepers. They rose up and thrust him out of the synagogue and city and were going to hurl him over a cliff. "But he made his way through them and went off." His majesty and dignity were sufficient to overawe these men of Nazareth. He left them there in confusion. For thirty sinless years he had lived in their midst. John wrote, "He came to his own and his own received him not." They rejected him and so Jesus went away, never to return. "The Word of God," said Luther, "is a sword, is a war, is a poison, is a scandal, is a stumbling block, is a ruin to those who resist it."

That is the tragedy of Nazareth. Her citizens watched Jesus grow up. They saw him labor. They heard him preach. And they cast him out. The New Testament does not mention anyone from that audience who followed him later on. His brother James became the leader of the Christian church at Jerusalem and his brother Judas may have written the fragment, Jude. His mother was pathetically loyal through the days of his earthly ministry and afterwards. There was no other follower from among the men of Nazareth. They have passed into the oblivion of the ages.

Jesus came as a Prophet to show them a city whose builder and maker is God. They would not look up. They were too preoccupied with Nazareth. He came as a Social Engineer to explain the blueprints of the Blessed Community. They would not listen. They were too busy counting their shekels in Nazareth. He came as the Judge of their life and the Lord of their salvation to give them integrity, purity and peace; but they would not even give him the courtesy of a hearing and they drove him out.

The evangelists knew of Jesus' treatment by the men of Nazareth. And they saw that scene re-enacted on a larger scale when he was crowded out of a city and crucified by the men of Jerusalem. They came as close to the cross as the Roman guards would allow, to read Pilate's inscription: "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." And, when they wrote their accounts of his life, they identified their Lord with these sinners who had despised and rejected him. Why did they do it? Why not conceal this fact? The answer is the glory of the Gospel. It is Christ's identification with wicked men that makes him so real to us. He came to plead with men, to intercede for them and to save all who will accept his grace. In life, death, and forever—Jesus—"called a Nazarene"!

Prayer in Wartime

By Roger Hazelton

WHAT is the function of the pastoral prayer in a time of war? Then prayer is at once easier and more difficult to offer than in time of peace. It is easier because then Christian people are more eager to pray. The very fact of war denies a cherished and lively Christian hope — the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God. War's issues are tremendous, inevitable and fatefully urgent. Those who enter our churches to pray bring with them the strain, the sorrow or the shock with which their living has been saddled by the all-engrossing reality of war. Then, far more poignantly than at other times, do we stand in the need of prayer.

But prayer is also more difficult in wartime. The relentless claims of patriotism almost unconsciously tend to force Christian worship into tighter, narrower channels. Too often our prayer becomes simply the expression of the attitudes we bring to church, not a questioning of them. We are far too liable to forget in war's midst the things that belong unto our peace. The urgency of need clouds our vision of the final aims of prayer. Thus prayer in the genuinely Christian sense becomes an arduous and formidable path.

The perils that lurk in the path of the maker of prayers in time of war are threefold.

CRISIS PRAYER

The first is a sense of the Christian predicament, of the compromise and divided loyalty that burden the

Christian's spirit as war becomes a grim and stubborn reality. People in whom this sense is most keen cannot exalt the state's immediate demands into the ultimate allegiance to the pattern and measure of a warring nation. Hence they seek, with heavy hearts, to maintain both their Christian and national loyalties at once, as God and Caesar struggle for mastery of their spirits.

For people in such a frame of mind a kind of prayer is often said which may be called crisis prayer. It cannot go beyond the statement of opposites; it is burdened with the tragic contrast between what is and what ought to be. Such prayer does not relieve the unrelenting pressure of war, or guide our minds and hearts out of its entangling complexity. It describes a vicious circle of self-consuming need. It cannot move forward into new vistas of fellowship and fresh ways of worship.

Crisis prayer does, however, possess what Bunyan required a good prayer to have, "a sense of sin, and of the wrath of God." It is offered in great sincerity and truth. It is like the cry of sailors when their ship goes down or a deathbed confession. Its words are charged with a mood of deep repentance and humility. Based on the sure sense of heartfelt need, crisis prayer lifts to God the agony, pain and indescribable lostness of those who strive to live in two worlds at once. If ever prayer were real and true, it is this.

Crisis prayer is nonetheless a caricature of Christian devotion. There is undoubted discovery of self in it, but it lacks the savor of self-commitment. Need, not hope, drives it forward. Heavy with the groans of repentance, it hungers to be fed with hope. However understandable, the prayer of crisis falls short of the Christian standard. If we offer such prayer we succumb to the bitter dilemma of being Christians in a world at war; we cannot see beyond or surmount that cruel perplexity.

PERIL OF THE PATRIOTIC MOOD

A second peril which threatens the prayer-maker in time of war is the prevailing mood of patriotic enthusiasm. There are always those who find it possible and even easy to identify the temporary cause of their nation with the eternal purposes of God. Taking courage from the often repeated professions of Christian faith on the part of national leaders, and from the abundant examples of previous Christian acceptance of war as a holy or righteous crusade against the powers of darkness, such folk want prayer to uphold and fortify their convictions.

There are others who can make no such radical identification. To them war is rather a necessary but temporary postponement of Christian hope and work. When it is over, they promise themselves, the churches may resume their old appeals and program; meanwhile there is grim and ugly business at hand which they must see honorably through. The time for reconstruction and renewal of hope will come after the storm of violence and destruction has passed.

For people in this attitude prayer frequently becomes an agency of morale. Morale prayer lifts the striving for military victory to God, asking his blessing on the nation's arms and his curse upon the enemy. Implicitly or explicitly such prayer identifies the Christian hope, whether radically or provisionally, with the national goal. The prayers offered at patriotic mass-meetings, legislative assemblies and even church services during wartime are quite commonly of this sort.

Morale prayer has three functions. Those who make it seek to set at rest all lingering doubts of worshipers as to the holiness or rightness of the war being waged. To harden their will to victory and to undergird their patriotism with the sanctions of religion is its intent. Thus God is regarded as the nation's ally, and his will as done by those who exert the strength of arms against the enemy.

Morale prayer may be offered in the sincere hope to be of service to one's country. There may be no conscious hypocrisy in it. Seldom does it go to the length of sanctioning or fostering hatred of the enemy. Such reservations and honest intentions do not, however, change the character of morale prayer. It remains, and necessarily so, more patriotic than Christian. Prayer offered as an agency of morale is subservient. It lacks the tough Christian independence, the intuition of "the infinite qualitative distance" between God and man, between his ways and ours, in which prayer rightly and properly begins. Like crisis prayer, it is a caricature. It is noteworthy that the "war prayers" of the *Book of Common Prayer* do not make any such easy identification.

THE ATTITUDE OF WITHDRAWAL

Still another pitfall into which the maker of prayers may walk in time of war is the attitude of withdrawal from the conflict. Two versions of this response to war are prominent. The first is the absolute pacifist's refusal to participate directly and personally in the war effort. Those who follow this way strive to practice where possible within wartime restraints the Christian imperatives of humane amelioration and constructive service. By virtue of their negative refusal, the people who choose this attitude toward war run the gantlet of ridicule and suspicion. Their positive testimony to the way of love is likewise seriously suppressed or popularly misrepresented. Yet their small, firm voice is precious in a warring world.

The second group of those who withdraw from war seek their refuge from the storm in an intensified personal Christian experience. They perhaps reread the New Testament to find in it undreamed of springs of personal strength and hope. They may form with one another intimate "cells" where, in miniature and temporarily isolated from the world outside, each reinforces the other in a concentrated sharing of vision and purpose. We may expect in time of war to find personal piety heightened as the avenues for corporate Christian action are increasingly closed.

To those who share this attitude of withdrawal, absolutists or not, prayer becomes easily a compensatory experience. It calls them away from the misery and heartache of war to a better country. Its keynote is sounded by the verse of a familiar hymn:

> From sorrow, toil and pain,
> And sin, we shall be free;

And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Compensatory prayer is flavored with an otherworldly piety and faith. The love and peace we fail to find here, it seems to promise us, we shall find hereafter. Life everlasting, the promised country, heaven as the soul's reward, renew their force in our Christian imaginations when the sky is overcast and the road is hard.

Behind the compensatory type of prayer is a truly Christian insight—that the way of life which Christian prayer celebrates and urges onward is clearly out of line with a warring order. Peace on earth and good will among men are longer in coming than the span of any human life; their accomplishment requires eternity.

The fault to be found with the prayer of this kind is its radical separation of the present from the future. It splits apart the togetherness of final goal and present fact which has continually livened and stirred Christian action. Such prayer, habitually offered, cuts the nerve of action. It functions rather as a shock-absorber than as a spur. Overindulgence in it weakens and dissipates what strength we yet possess to reconcile the world unto God. Like morale prayer and crisis prayer, therefore, the prayer of compensation is a caricature, not a genuine likeness.

PRAYER AS STRONG WALL AND FORTRESS

None of these constitutes the "strong wall and fortress" which Luther called prayer. Yet there is a way of prayer that meets the peculiar stringencies of wartime as well as the general principles of effectiveness we have already set forth. The way of prayer does not seek to underscore present attitudes to war, but to challenge them. It endeavors to create a new, more Christian attitude in which truer, finer prayer can be said. This way of prayer is, unlike its caricatures, "a goodly Christian's weapon."

Let us then speak of a way of prayer which possesses both defensive and offensive strength. Neither marching aggressively to war nor shrinking from it, such prayer is born in the necessary compromise which every Christian makes with the fact and meaning of war. As a sword of the spirit, true prayer in wartime possesses both a purity of Christian intention and an outgoing, eager concern; it seeks to protect the Christian's integrity by fixing his heart upon the things that belong unto his peace even while sending him forth to do God's will in deeds of love and mercy.

The way of prayer that makes this Christian approach possible is threefold. Functioning as a judgment upon all war, prayer gives the one who prays a vantage-point above the battle. Offering a legitimate relief from war's alarms and agonies, prayer gathers Christian strength and energy for spiritual achievement. Extending the promise of triumphant spirit, of the coming Kingdom, prayer encourages the faint in heart and the distracted in mind. Of prayer as judgment, as relief and as promise, then, let us speak.

Prayer by its very nature is a judgment on the ways of men. Those who have no doubts of their rightness feel no need of prayer. It is when convictions are shaken and hopes are shattered that men betake themselves to God. There rightly belongs to the practice of wartime prayer in Christian churches that humble searching of the mind of Christ which has ever brought men and women to their knees. Amos pictured God as measuring with a plumbline of justice the flimsy, crooked structure of human society. So prayer is a plumbline of the spirit.

A JUDGMENT UPON WAR

It is meet, right and our bounden duty to bring to bear upon our people's living in time of war a perspective far surpassing the limits of military necessity and national advantage. The Christian seeks to do the will of God. He cannot find that will expressed in the starving of whole populations, the shouting of fanatics, the sowing of lies and hatreds, the blind and vicious slaughtering of human beings. Yet these are the very things the Christian permits or encourages in time of war. Prayer as judgment confronts us with a Reality that rebukes our pretensions to righteousness, knows our secret places, and challenges our wills with God's own. Prayer of this character is a fourth dimension of the spirit.

Let us remember that prayer is the act which more than any other act affirms the being, goodness and power of God. War heightens the contrast between his ways and ours. It is a stain upon his goodness, blasphemy on his name. Prayer may not be used by those of honest Christian purpose to bless or exalt war. It is rather God's fateful lightning which illuminates our unworthy, unlovely mode of life. If we pray sincerely in wartime we know that we have gone astray from God and that we must repent to him.

"Prayer," wrote Emerson, "is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view." It is our human, creaturely endeavor to gain a God's-eye view of things. Without flinching before the facts, we seek in prayer to listen for the word of God spoken to our time and generation. That word is and must always be, most of all in time of war, a judgment upon us all. If then we fail to speak the word of judgment in our prayers, we fail in our holy office.

THE SURE RELIEF OF PRAYER

Another element in the true way of prayer for a time of war is that of relief. The news, the duties and the claims of war beat incessantly upon us. If friends gather for pleasure and conversation, war is in their midst. Camouflaged as entertainment, instruction or moral idealism, the issues of war are constantly before us. It invades the privacy of home and darkens the tender intercourse of lovers. Our waking hours are heavy with its persistent burden of grief, anxiety and restlessness.

This situation, from which none can long escape, calls for "the sure relief of prayer." Those who tell us that when they come to church they want to forget the pressure of war describe an honest need. As they have the right to expect, so we have the duty to provide,

the relief they crave. What better relief from war's hold upon us can there be than Christian prayer?

The relief of prayer is easily misunderstood. It is no palliative, no sedative. It is rather to the spirit what relaxation is to the body. Tense nerves and tired brains, eyes worn out with watching and emotions frayed with anguish, cannot do a Christian's full work. Prayer affords us a restfulness from which increased competence and wider vision come.

"Refreshment" is another word to indicate the gift of prayer as relief. Not a mere cessation of effort, prayer is a summoning of resources, a marshaling of the self's strength. When entered into spiritedly and wisely, it is a tapping of energy, a gathering of our powers for trials ahead. It becomes not merely duty but privilege. Prayer is the way in which God moves to restore our souls.

In a third way prayer functions as relief. When offered with truly pastoral intent, it comforts the persons for whom it is said. "Comfortable words" are not to be despised. To those caught in the net of calamity or tribulation they are among the truest words a minister can speak. There come to pray in wartime people who have lost their loved ones in the grisly factory of death; others who know not what a day may bring forth to those for whom they care. Let our prayers send them forth comforted by an ultimate assurance, a quiet contentment.

Comfort is a by-product, not an end, of praying. It is one of those gifts of the spirit that come not by being searched after. "Dispose yourself to patience rather than to comfort," wrote the author of *The Imitation of Christ*. All Christian folk have need of patience; yet patience is strained to its breaking point without the further grace of comfort. Prayer must be no seeking after comfort, but its gift should be that sense of the sympathy of God which is the surest comfort of all. The word of comfort spoken in prayer does more than condole; it heartens.

PRAYER AS PROMISE

There is a greater gift than any of these to people who live under the cloud of war. The source of the judgment which prayer makes upon war and of the relief it offers those who are enmeshed in war is the Kingdom it promises. There are signs of promise in the darkest night. The Christian at prayer is like the watchman of Isaiah's parable whom the people in darkness asked, "Watchman, what of the night?" and who answered them, "The morning cometh." Prayer looks beyond the night of war toward the dawning sunlight in the morning sky.

Prayer as promise reminds the Christian fellowship that war shall pass away. It is the preparation, in war's midst, of the good news of peace. There can be no greater task. To talk peace while engaged in war seems paradoxical and even impossible. It illustrates, to be sure, the predicament of all Christians. But insofar as prayer is able to keep the good news of peace alive, it maintains the Christian hope against the ravages and displacements of war. More than this, it actually prepares us for participating in the great and certain tasks of the world after the war, since we have gained and matured through prayer the attitudes from which reconstruction may come.

The promise which prayer offers is not only a future hope but a present guide. Because they promise us the Kingdom our churches are lighted places set in the midst of darkness. Because prayer promises the Kingdom it is what Luther called it, "the strong wall and fortress of the church, a goodly Christian's weapon," against which the winds of desperation, fear and terror wear out their savage strength. Those who inhabit it shall not be moved; they set their faces steadfastly toward the light of hope within.

A MODEL WAR PRAYER

A prayer that is richly eloquent of this threefold mood is the one of Archbishop Cranmer's which was spoken during the war between England and Scotland in the sixteenth century:

> Most merciful God, the granter of all peace and quietness, the giver of all good gifts, the defender of all nations, who has willed all men to be accounted as our neighbors, and commanded us to love them as ourself, and not to hate our enemies: Give to all men desire of peace, unity and quietness and a speedy end of all war, hostility and enmity to all them that be our enemies; that we and they may, in one heart and charitable agreement, praise Thy most holy name, and reform our lives to Thy godly commandments. So long as we are driven to war, hold Thy power and defense over us; be our garrison, our shield and buckler. Look not, O Lord, upon our sins or the sins of our enemies, but have regard to Thy most plenteous and abundant mercy, which passeth all Thy works, being so infinite and marvelous. Do this, O Lord, for Thy Son's sake, Jesus Christ. Amen.

He whose prayer is full of promise does not cry "Peace, peace" when there is no peace. He flinches before the facts of war no more than the nurse who bandages a soldier's wound; but, like her, he lives to heal and not destroy. He meets the challenge of war no less than the airman with his cargo of bombs, but his weapons are those of the spirit, his enemies not of flesh and blood. The prayer of promise is a goodly Christian's weapon, not the mirage of a false hope. It is the effective instrument of peace, waged in war's darkness by those that wait for the morning.

Prayer for Men Under the Colors

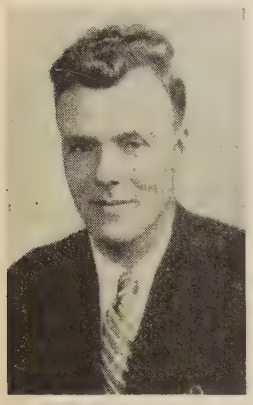
Gracious Heavenly Father, we commend to Thy loving care our sons who have gone forth to serve their country and the cause of freedom, on land and sea and in the air. Shield them from danger; keep them strong and steadfast; give them courage and chivalry; inspire them with devotion to the cause to which they are offering their lives, and help them to achieve a just and lasting peace for the whole world. Hold in Thy holy keeping all those dear unto them whom they have left behind. Cleanse them from the stain of sin and help them to live victoriously, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Federal Council Bulletin.

Were You There?

By Peter Marshall

THE morning sun had been up some hours over the City of David. Already pilgrims and visitors were pouring in through the gates, mingling with merchants from the villages roundabout, shepherds coming in from the hills, and the narrow streets were crowded. There were the aged, stooped with years, muttering to themselves as they pushed through the throngs. There were children playing in the streets, calling to each other in shrill voices. There were men and women too, carrying burdens, baskets of vegetables, casks of wine, water bags, and tradesmen with their tools. Here a donkey stood sleepily beneath his burden in the sunlight. There under a narrow canopy a merchant shouted his wares in a pavement stall: It was not easy then—as it is not easy now—to make one's way through the crowd.



It was especially difficult for the procession that started out from the governor's palace. At its head rode a Roman centurion, disdainful and aloof, scornful alike of a child or cripple who might be in his way. His lips curled in thin lines of contempt as he watched through half-shut eyes the shouting, jeering crowd. Before him went two legionnaires, clearing the crowd aside as best they could with curses and careless blows. The procession moved at a snail's pace. The soldiers tried to keep step. The centurion's guard evidently did not relish this routine task which came to them every now and then in the government of this troublesome province. The sunlight glanced on the spears and helmets of the soldiers. There was a clanking of steel as their shields touched their belt buckles and the scabbards of their swords.

Between the two files of soldiers, and behind a herald who carried a placard on which had been written in three languages — Greek, Latin, and Hebrew —"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews," staggered three condemned men, each carrying a heavy bar of wood, with its cross-piece, on which he was to be executed. It was hard to keep step, for the pace was slow, and the soldiers were impatient to get it over . . . left . . . right . . . left . . . right.

BENEATH A BLAZING SUN

The crosses were heavy, and the first of the victims was well nigh at the point of collapse. He had had no sleep for two days, nor food, nor rest. The fatigue of his body and the strain of spirit had sapped his strength. He had been beaten with their fists. Moreover he had been lashed with the scourge, a leather whip with rough pieces of lead tied in every thong. The carpenter followed them, with his ladder and his nails, and they all moved forward out of the courtyard of Pilate's palace and made for the gate leading out of the city.

The sun was hot. The sweat poured down the face of Jesus and he swayed now and then under the weight of the cross. A depression had fallen on the soldiers and they marched in silence as if reluctantly.

A group of women went with the procession, their faces half hidden by their veils, but their grief could not be hidden. Some of them went sobbing, others were praying, others moaning in that deep grief that knows not what they say or do. Some of them had children by the hand and kept saying over and over, "He gave my child back to me. How can they be so cruel? He healed my child—what harm could there be in that?" There were men, too, who followed as closely as they could, men who walked with the strange steps of men to whom walking was unfamiliar, and others who still carried sticks in their hands, but who did not use them. They were walking with the procession, their eyes filled with tears, their lips moving in prayers and their hearts heavy, but there was nothing they could do.

AT THE MERCY OF THE MOB

Once when the procession halted for a moment Jesus turned and spoke to them, but they could not hear him for the shouting of the rabble who followed the example of the priests and the scribes and hurled taunts at him and mocked him, repeating some of his sayings; but most of the crowd hardly knew what was going on. They did not understand. They caught the infection of the mob spirit. They shouted to the first of the three victims—the One with an absurd crown on his head, twisted from a branch of the long-thorned briar that had lacerated his scalp and caused blood to mingle with the sweat. They shouted at him until roughly pushed aside by the soldiers. Then, in some cases, they began to shout at the soldiers. Some of the children, encouraged by their elders, joined in the shouting as the procession went slowly along this way which will forever be known as the Via Dolorosa.

Outside the city wall, all unsuspecting, Simon of Cyrene was almost at the gate. He had just arrived in Judea, and was about to enter the Holy City as a pilgrim for the festival. He had spent the night in some village just outside, and rising early this morning he had bathed and dressed himself carefully, with a tingling excitement because soon he would be in Jerusalem, and all that he had been told he would see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears.

Yet he tried to keep calm, and as he set out on the short walk that lay between him and the city, he was very thoughtful. He walked along the winding path that sometimes ran through the fields, sometimes along the dried-up river bed, sometimes winding up the jagged hillside to twist down among giant boulders and huge rocks behind which many a robber might hide. He walked along beside the tall rushes, and through the divided crops. He could hear the sheep bleating on the inhospitable hillside while the morning sun climbed higher and chased away the mists that lay in the hollows.

As he walked along, he was thinking of the temple and its glories, the history of his people and the worship of his fathers. Already he could see ahead of him the domes of the temple gleaming gold in the sunshine, and he thought of his own city looking from her height over the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

'CRUCIFY! CRUCIFY!'

As he neared the city gate, he began to hear shouting that grew louder and louder. There seemed to Simon to be a sort of chant running through the noise, a refrain that men's voices made clearer and clearer until he thought he could recognize the words, "Crucify . . . crucify . . . crucify." And they met right at the city gate—Simon of Cyrene and the crowd.

He found that the procession was headed by some Roman soldiers. He would recognize them anywhere—the insignia on their shields and their uniforms. He could tell a legionnaire when he saw one. He had little time to gather impressions. And, as for asking questions, that was impossible. He could not make himself heard in all this rabble, in the noise and confusion that seemed to be so violent and so terrible. There was a sinister, throbbing malice in the atmosphere, and Simon shuddered.

Simon was aware of two moving walls of Roman steel, between which there staggered a Man carrying a cross. There was something strange about it all, but before he could understand it, Simon was caught up in it, sucked into the procession, and swept out through the gate again. He was excited, afraid, somehow, yet helpless. He was puzzled and ill at ease. He scanned face after face quickly looking for some light of pity, of friendliness, of welcome, looking for a smile, but he found none. He felt the drama of the situation, the cruelty of it, and its horror crept over him like a clammy mist—and he shivered.

He had been captured by the procession, stumbling along tightly wedged in the very heart of the crowd, walking along beside three men who staggered under the weight of crosses of rough wood on which these unfortunates were going to die. Each man was bent beneath the burden he carried and perspiration moistened their drawn faces. One of them was strangely appealing. His face was arresting. Simon felt his gaze returning again and again to that one Face. He noticed that blood was trickling down from wounds in the brow. On his head there was a twig of long-thorned briar twisted round in the shape of a crown and pushed down on his head; but it was his eyes, that terrible look in his eyes. Simon, fascinated, awed, frightened, watched with beating heart as they shuffled along.

THE LOOK IN THOSE EYES

But the look in those eyes! Simon could see nothing else, and as he walked everything was forgotten—the feast, the celebration, the temple, his mission, friends he was to meet, errands to be accomplished—everything was forgotten as he watched the Man carrying the cross. And then he looked up! His eyes almost blinded by the blood that trickled down from under the grotesque crown that was on his head. Why didn't somebody wipe his eyes? And as Simon looked at him, he looked at Simon and the eyes of the two met!

How did Christ know what was in Simon's heart? What was it that made him smile—a slow, sad smile that seemed to still Simon's wildly beating heart and give him courage. The look that passed between them Simon never forgot as long as he lived—for no man can look at Jesus of Nazareth and remain the same.

Again, just at that psychological moment as these two looked at each other, the Man with the cross stumbled and the soldiers, moved more by impatience than by pity, seeing that the Nazarene was almost too exhausted to carry the cross any farther, laid hands on Simon and conscripted him to carry it. Simon's heart almost stopped beating. He was too excited to speak! Just five minutes before, a lonely pilgrim quietly approaching the Holy City, and see him now in the midst of a procession of howling men and women, walking between two moving walls of Roman steel and carrying on his shoulder a cross on which someone was going to die!

The look of gratitude and love that flashed from the eyes of Jesus as Simon lifted the load from those tired bleeding shoulders did something to the man from Cyrene, and in an instant life was changed.

Simon never could explain afterwards how it happened, but all at once he saw the meaning of pain, understood the significance of suffering; the meaning of prayer was unveiled, and the message of the Scriptures. He saw prophecy take form and live before him. He remembered the words of the psalmist and the prophets of old, words that until now had been without sense or meaning, but now he saw and understood.

A HILL AND A CROSS

And so they came to Calvary, a hill shaped like a skull, outside the city gates where two great highways converged upon Jerusalem. This hill was the usual place of execution. Only as the nails were driven in did the shouting stop. There was a hush. Most of them were stunned, horrified, even the hardest of them was silenced, and then the thud of the hammer was faintly re-echoed from the city walls.

Mary, his mother, stopped her ears and closed her eyes. Simon of Cyrene from time to time wiped away his tears with the back of his hand. Peter stood on the fringe of the crowd blinded by hot tears that filled his eyes and his very heart broke. John stood by Mary and supported her. The other women were weeping.

But as soon as the Nazarene had mounted his last pulpit, the shouting broke out again. There were some who had followed him once, being attracted to the charm of the Wonder-worker. There were many who had accepted the loaves and the fishes, and they shouted taunts, sneeringly repeated some of his sayings: "He saved others, let him save himself if he is so clever. Aye, he saved others, but he can't save himself. It's not so easy to come down from a cross. The ropes are too tight and the nails are too sharp. Aha! You were going to build the temple in three days, weren't you? You can't build a temple up there, carpenter! There

he is, older than Father Abraham. Come on down from the cross, and we will believe you. What about a miracle now, miracle man!"

They shouted until they were hoarse. The noise was so great that only a few of them standing near the cross heard what he said when his lips moved in prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

One of the thieves, drugged and half drunk, cried out to Jesus: "Can't you see how we suffer? If you are the Son of God, take us down from these crosses. Save us and yourself." Then a spasm of pain gripped him and he began to curse and to swear, blaming Jesus for the pain.

But the other turned his head so that he could see Jesus, and he said to his companion: "What has this Man done to you that you curse him so? They have some excuse for putting us to death, for we have broken their laws, we wanted to start a revolution. But this Man has done nothing." Then he said to Jesus: "Do not forget me when you come into your kingdom."

And Jesus, his face drawn with pain, but his voice still kind, answered: "This very day, when this pain is over, we shall be together again." The man, comforted, set his lips to endure to the end.

The sun rose higher and higher. Time oozed out like the blood that dripped from the cross. Jesus opened his eyes and saw his mother standing there and John beside her. He called out the name of John, who came closer, and Jesus said: "You will take care of her, John?" John, choked with tears, put his arm around the shoulders of Mary. Jesus said to his mother: "He will be your son." His lips were parched, and he spoke with difficulty. He moved his head uneasily against the hard wood of the cross, as a sick man moves his head on a hot pillow.

A thunderstorm was blowing up from the mountains, and the clouds hid the sun. It was strangely dark. The people looked up at the sky, and were frightened. Women took their children by the hand and hurried back to the city before the storm would break. It was an uncanny darkness. The women stood praying for Jesus and for the thieves. The centurion was silent, although every now and then he would look up at Jesus. The soldiers were silent too. Their gambling was done. They had won . . . and lost.

Suddenly Jesus opened his eyes and gave a loud cry. The gladness in his voice startled all who heard it, for it sounded like a shout of victory. "It is finished . . . Father, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." And with that cry he died.

WERE YOU THERE?

They were all there that day. The friends of Jesus and his enemies, the church people as well as the people who never went to church, the priests, the scribes, the greedy Sadducees, the hypocrites and the proud Pharisees—they were all there. The people who were always talking about the church and praying in public—they were there. The unbelievers, the gamblers, the harlots and their customers — they were there. Simon of Cyrene and the soldiers—they were there. Peter was there, and John and Andrew and James and Matthew and Philip and Bartholomew and Thomas—they were all there.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

When we consider who were there, and when we are honest with ourselves, we know that we were there and that we helped to put him there! Every attitude present on that hilltop that day is present in our midst now! Every emotion that tugged at human hearts then, tugs at human hearts still. Every face that was there, is here, too. Every voice that shouted then, is shouting still. Every human being was represented on Calvary. Every sin was in a nail or a spear or a thorn! And pardon for them all was in the blood that was shed!

Nineteen hundred years have passed, but the rains of the centuries with their callous tears have not yet washed away the blood from the rotting wood of a deserted cross, nor have the winds covered his footprints in the sands of Judea. Calvary still stands, and the crowd at the top of the hill.

Were you there when they crucified my Lord? I was. Were you?

On the Edge of New Life

By Allan Knight Chalmers

A PEOPLE who sing that and mean it*—in whom the hope of new life riseth like sap in the maple tree before the snow is off the hills or the frost out of the ground—have in themselves the promise of new life for the world. Consider the maple tree, how it grows.

The winter is still holding the living matter of the tree in its grip, but on the bare branches beats the sun and in the tree from down below the frost level the sap rises out of the roots up into the trunk. You know the tree is alive not because of how it looks. On the outside there is still no sign of life. How then *do* you tell? You cut the tree and there it is—the sign. It seems to bleed. You bore a hole through the outer surface and hang a container beneath the hole. Come back later—but not too late. The cup runneth over.

In the winter of man's discontent—held still as if by Dante's deepest hell, that grip of endless cold—how do you tell what is alive and what is dead? It is not the time of spring or summer when the beauty of the flower reveals vitality; it is not the fall when by the fruit ye shall know. But now, still in the grip of

Just before the sermon the congregation sang, to the Welsh tune *Cwm Rhondda,* the hymn, "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah."

winter's tyranny, you tap it and you tell by the flow from the center whether the tree has life—whether the tree of life is not dead.

How many of you believe that we are on the edge of new life? That is our topic on this Easter morning when the world seems dying. I'll make the question simpler. How many of you believe in a new life at all? Not that we are on the edge of it now; but that it ever will be? There is no other reason for gathering around Christ. He did not come to proclaim a gospel of conformity to established goodness. He told us about a new life—about being born again—about a more excellent way—about the power to become, children of men that we are, the sons and daughters of God. It is a strangely new life which he described to men.

Old life was all about them—in every move they made, on every street they walked.

THE LAW OF SELF

There was a law of the jungle, then and now: nature red in tooth and claw—get him before he gets you, self-preservation is the first law of life. That was not Christ's gospel.

There was a law of self, then and now: If I don't look out for myself nobody else will. A man has a right to look out for himself. Peer Gynt in Ibsen's play portrayed that law when in the wreck we see him pushing the cook off the floating spar. It will hold one, not two. With pious hesitation Peer holds the cook up for a moment to let him say the Lord's Prayer before he pushes him off to drown. Two could not be saved, and if only one—"me first" is the law of self. That was not his gospel.

"Remember not the former things, neither consider the things of old. Behold I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth; shall ye not know it? I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert." Isaiah and others of the prophets said the words. Christ made people believe them.

"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." This was the Shema, the universal first word of ancient religion. Jesus made it the first commandment of the new life.

'BUT I SAY UNTO YOU'

And he said unto them: It was said unto you of old time—thus and so; but I say unto you—and then in mounting crescendo he told them, at a time when they had enemies to hate, Love your enemies; resist not evil with evil but overcome evil with good.

If you have any idea that Christ did not think of it as a new life and that those who heard it did not think of it as a new life, read the New Testament again. The record is clear. "May we know what this new doctrine is?" they asked Paul in Acts. "That ye may put on the new man"—and "grieve not the holy spirit of God," he writes to the Ephesians. "Have boldness to enter in . . . by a new and living way," says the writer of Hebrews. And we have already caught the promise of it in the Scripture from Revelation. (Rev. 21: 1-7, 10, 22-27; 22: 1, 4, 5 was read as the New Testament Scripture.)

There is no meaning to his message unless there is a new life possible in time. Agreed? I hardly think any of you would be here at all unless you believed there would be a sometime of new life for the world.

We go back then to our topic question: How many of you believe we are on the edge of new life—now?

Here let me make it plain that the immediacy of victory for Christ's way is not an essential for living it now. It may be that forty years of wilderness wanderings will have to pass before the world glimpses again the edge of the promised land—and we may not live to see it. It may be that the day of the Lord will be a thousand years of the life of man on earth, which seems an eternity to face, however brief it may seem when it is past. I personally believe that it may be only four or five years before we shall glimpse again the edges of a new life. I doubt if the time of seeing light is much shorter. It is quite possible that the night will be much longer. But it should be clear that no man worthy of the name demands success for himself; that it is worth any sacrifice to keep belief in the new life alive, even though we should be certain not to see it in our lifetime on earth.

Nevertheless it is my profound conviction that we are on the edge of new life now, and I want to speak of the prerequisites for the individual to serve the coming of that new life as we gather again in the springtime festival of man's recurrent hope.

CHRIST'S LAW OF THE NEW BIRTH

The new life which Christ proclaims depends first of all upon a sense of "the about to be born." Carlyle said in his *French Revolution,* "The first of all gospels it that a lie cannot live forever." This implied confidence that truth prevails in the end means that there is a time when "darkness flies, all is light," to use the promise of the Christmas hymn. You must be aware of the possible time of new life being now.

Let me illustrate that in two ways. One of my favorite stories is about the church group in the middle west where there had been weeks of drought. Desperate, they turned at last to prayer. The sun beat down as they gathered in the church and the minister prayed fervently for rain. And the rain came. Out of nowhere, so it seemed, the sudden storm blew up and the blessed rain came down. The delighted congregation gathered at the door of the church and then hesitated. It was discovered that only one person had brought an umbrella.

Not so was Huw, in *How Green Was My Valley.* Huw has been injured in the storm and is unable to walk—the doctor says never to walk again. Mr. Gruffydd (pronounced Griffith) says Huw will. "In some spring when the daffodils are out you will walk," the minister had said. The family had given up hope. They cared for him and loved him, but watched for no sign. Pastor Gruffydd does.

That day when the spring was in the air they breathed, he came into the house. "I've come for Huw," he said quietly, "the daffodils are out."

"No! Mr. Gruffydd!" said the mother turning her head away as if to say, Why do you torture the boy with false hope? He never will walk again!

"Where are your clothes, Huw?" asked the minister.

"Under my pillow, sir," Huw said.

"Your pillow?" said the mother, turning to him in astonishment.

"For these months," Huw said, "ready for today."

The new life needs first of all people who believe in its coming.

THE FEAR OF CHANGE

The new life which Christ proclaimed depends, second, upon those who are not afraid of change. H. G. Wells, in his satire on the world which he calls *All Aboard for Ararat,* speaks of the good man as one who "has a hunger for preferential miracles"; by which he means that the good man wishes the Kingdom of God to come on earth, but without having to change any of the things he likes to do, or affecting his own possessions, privileges, powers or peace.

That is not the way the Kingdom comes. Sometimes it means leaving Egypt and the court of kings. Sometimes to leave Midia's peaceful hills, or the quiet of Bethany beside the Jericho road. Sometimes it costs a man his life—in the Colosseum, at the stake, or in the choice he has to make between success as men know it and obscurity. It brought the Christ at last to the cross where all the tragedies of body, mind and spirit cracked around his life. All my references above were to stories in the Bible, beginning with Moses and going down through the list so numerous that "time would fail to tell" them all.

Something tragic happened in the lives of those who believed in the new life. Some drew back and could not face the changes through which the new life had to come. You have to believe in the new life so much that you are not shaken by the changes which affect you.

How strikingly H. M. Tomlinson, in his *All Our Yesterdays,* portrays the calm fearlessness as Buckle, the scientist, lives it. It happens that his research into the cure of some tropical disease is being worked out near the contested border between two imperialist-minded nations and the vandal boots of a German guerilla band smash so unnecessarily his test tubes, destroy his notes containing years of labor.

"You've lost your job," said the tight-lipped, angry-eyed American, Maynard.

"No," said Buckle quietly, "They can't lose my job. They can only interrupt it."

Maynard's hot eyes ran over the mess. He swore and put his hand on his gun. "Would I do something to them if I could! And you should, too. Here, take this gun!"

Buckle didn't bother even to look at it. "It's no good," he said; "it's no good. You can't do anything with that—except to make more trouble. Those men cannot put out the light, no matter how much power they hold. I'm not afraid of that. I tell you, Maynard, they cannot put it out. Not all the winds in the world can blow it out. If others don't know the truth is there, because it is hidden, we do, don't we? We've got to stand by. That truth will be wanted some day."

I'm not saying it is easy. Jesus never said it was. I am just repeating what he said about the Kingdom of God. You seek it first and are not afraid no matter what that search does to things otherwise dear to you.

THE WORD MADE FLESH

But the third requisite for the new life is the most important. You must be willing to be used yourself by an idea. After all, the only thing which really moves people is to see it work in someone they know. The *it* in this instance is purposely indefinite. For the moment, what the idea is is not important. The truth we seek to understand is this: When you see someone in whom the idea is alive you can—you must—believe it.

There is an example of the power of this in an old tale of the settlement of the great northwest. Marcus Whitman had started out over the Oregon Trail to set up a new community in the northwest. The hardships of the trip were almost beyond our imagination—we who hold a committee meeting in New York one evening and speak in San Francisco the next noon.

Back over the trail, Whitman came to get a colony to follow to their settlement. He had hard sledding convincing anyone in the East of the possibilities, for the tales of hardship were known and the distances were frightening. Many men had gone out to find the way and had not been seen again on the earth.

Then Whitman finally got the ear of President Tyler. As the President listened to the story he thrilled to it as any man of adventurous spirit would. But he was also a sensible man. You have to be practical about such things. Sitting back in his chair, President Tyler said: "Dr. Whitman, your tale is interesting and exciting. I wish I could help you. But after all, we have to be realistic. It is all very well for you and your group of bold pioneers to go on that trail. On foot and horseback you could make your way over the great mountain ranges, through the dangers and hardships. But settlements do not depend upon scouts on a trail. They depend upon wagons and women, and you cannot take a wagon over those mountains."

Marcus Whitman leaned forward and quietly spoke: "Mr. President, I *have* taken a wagon over those mountains."

"You have," said Tyler—and then a new light came into his eyes. "You mean that? Well! Then we'll see what we can do to help you."

THE MESSAGE OF EASTER

It is seeing it done that makes the difference. People will not believe in an idea, except as an idea—interesting, even exciting, but still just an idea—until they see the word made flesh and dwelling among us, full of grace and truth. That is the way the Gospel according to John puts it: that if you want to have people believe in the new life you must let yourself be used by an idea. And every time you try it—this truth that in your own life the new life can come to birth, every honest experiment you make in little things

where you make the idea work in your own daily difficulties, every venture of a group of people to let themselves be used by an idea which the world does not or dares not yet try, we all come that much closer to the edge of the new life which Christ told us about and which he has shown us was possible on this earth of ours.

And Easter is the reminder to us of the fact that is so clear in the Gospel story: you are no good to the Kingdom of God until it is a part of your life. "Stay in Jerusalem and wait until ye be endued with power from on high." Then, when you do find the new life has been born within you, as in time it can be born, you can go forth throughout all the earth and—I must speak no more in my words. Gather your spirits together for listening to the familiar strains of music which tell that "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." The pagan world does not believe it. Might is right and Love is a jester in the court of man to whom the powers that be can cry, "Be silent, fool!"

Yet in that world the Church of Christ, facing the gloom of "the desolate valleys" and the blackness of the "dark night of the soul," listens once more to the promise of the new life on whose edge we are. Stand together and believe as the choir sings the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Quotable Verse

The Universal Guilt

I SAW One greeted with a kiss;
A son of night performed the deed
And then they led away my Lord
To be despised, to suffer, bleed;
And I stood by, nor said a word,
Nor was I by his mute grief stirred.

I saw One wear a crown of thorns;
They placed it rudely on his brow,
And pressed it down; and as he bowed
They cried, "Messiah—see him now!"
And I stood by, nor moved a limb
To save my Lord, or comfort him.

I saw One hanging on a cross;
As in each hand they drove the nail,
He groaned and cried, "O God, forgive!"
They laughed and shouted, "King, all hail!"
And I with them was standing there,
As he breathed out his dying prayer.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

There is a Man on the Cross

WHENEVER there is silence around me
By day or by night—
I am startled by a cry.
It came down from the cross—
The first time I heard it.
I went out and searched—
And found a man in the throes of crucifixion,
And I said, "I will take you down,"
And I tried to take the nails out of his feet.
But he said, "Let them be,
For I cannot be taken down
Until every man, every women, and every child
Come together to take me down."
And I said, "But I cannot hear you cry.
What can I do?"
And he said, "Go about the world—
Tell everyone that you meet—
There is a man on the cross."

ELIZABETH CHENEY.

The Captains of the Years

I WATCHED the Captains
A-riding, riding
Down the years;
The men of mystic grip
Of soul, a-riding
Between a hedge of spears.

I saw their banners
A-floating, floating
Over all,
Till each of them had passed,
And Christ came riding
A donkey lean and small.

I watched the Captains
A-turning, staring,
Proud and set,
At Christ a-riding there—
So calmly riding
The Road men can't forget.

I watched the Captains
Dismounting, waiting—
None now led—
The Captains bowing low!
The Caesars waiting!
While Christ rode on ahead.

ARTHUR MACDOUGALL, JR.

The Key

THE Cross of Death
Became the Key of Life;
So now—this purge of fiery wrath,
This woeful fratricidal strife,
May leave along the Reaper's path
A sweet and precious aftermath
Of Hope, born of a newborn Faith,
Of Life reborn of Death.

JOHN OXENHAM.

The Ninety and Nine---Plus One

A Sermon for Children

By William R. Steininger

IT WAS in the long, long ago that Jesus lived and told people about God. He said that God was like a Father and the people understood what he meant. There were many things that he told them about his Father in heaven and they listened carefully.

One day he told the people that God was like a Good Shepherd that loved and took good care of his sheep. And to illustrate what he meant Jesus told them a story.

Once upon a time there was a man who had a hundred sheep and he took very good care of them. Every morning he took them out to pasture and at night he brought them back again and put them into the sheepfold. Now he knew his sheep so well that he had names for all of them. I imagine he called them 'Blackie' and 'Spot' and 'Belle' and 'Tramp' and 'Dixie' and 'Sparky' and names like that. Each night as he brought them home he counted them as he put them into the fold—1-2-3-4-5-25-50-75-90-95-96-97-98-99-100.

That special day the Shepherd had his breakfast early in the morning, before the sun was up. His wife had packed his lunch for him to take along. Out he came and called his sheep and away they went to the pasture. They crossed the bridge across the river; they climbed up steep banks, across roads, through canyons, and at last they came to the pasture.

One of the sheep was especially frisky that day. Yes, you guessed it. It was Sparky. He kept forever wandering away from the rest, nibbling nice fresh tender grass here, then there. Often during the day the Shepherd had to bring that sheep back to the rest.

At last it was time to go home. What a day it had been! I'll certainly have a story to tell to Joseph tonight, he thought. He rounded up the sheep and home they started—down the canyon, down the steep banks, across the bridge, and home at last. And into the sheepfold they went. The Shepherd counted them, as he always did—1-2-3-4-5-25-50-75-90-95-96-97-98-99—Did I make a mistake? And he counted them again. Yes, one was missing. No, it was not Blackie or Dixie or Spot or Tramp. It was Sparky that was missing.

It was almost dark. The Shepherd left the sheep with his helper and without supper he started out. Back over the trail he went—listening, calling, looking. At last he heard a faint 'Baa.' How he rushed to the spot! And there was Sparky, lost, frightened, and crying because he did not know where he was. He had nibbled grass here, then there, and had walked just a little too far, and he was lost.

The Shepherd was happy. Sparky was found. He picked him up and carried him home. As he passed the neighbors' farms, he called, 'I've found him! Come celebrate and be happy with me. I've found the sheep that was lost.'

That is the story, and I imagine Jesus said: You would do the same if one of your sheep were lost, now wouldn't you?

Well, don't you know that your Father in heaven loves you even more than that and he knows you all by name, and he does not want you to lose your way in life; and if you do, he keeps looking for you till you are found?

A Pastoral Prayer

By Harold E. Fey

O CREATOR GOD, Father Almighty and ever loving, we thank Thee for Thy Son Jesus Christ, who lives today in the Christian church. In him is our hope. Through his grace alone we have confidence in our salvation. Our world is in ruins, torn asunder by wild winds of hatred, riven by storms of passion, rotten with the smell of death. This judgment we have brought on ourselves.

We have sinned. The dimensions of our evil extend to the limits of this world-encompassing, immeasurable catastrophe. Not our enemies only, whom we vainly strive to forgive, but ourselves have come short of Thy perfect will. Instead of receiving our greater privileges as a trust from Thee, we have vaunted ourselves, have puffed up our little deeds, have greedily sought our own. We have chosen power rather than piety. Now we have neither the ability to save ourselves nor the goodness which makes us worth redemption. We have sought material goods rather than spiritual integrity. Now our goods are consumed before our eyes and the war without is only an echo of the raging conflict within. We have proudly believed that we would save ourselves. Now not only ourselves but our children are consumed in the fires we have lighted but cannot control.

O God of our Lord Jesus Christ, for his sake purge us from this iniquity before we and all our generation are utterly destroyed. In contrition we confess that we deserve only destruction. We plead not our merits but those of Thy Son; not our goodness but his grace. Save us, O Lord, for Jesus' sake. Forgive us and teach us to forgive our enemies. Create in us, sinners though we be, a clean heart. Renew a right spirit within us, in Jesus Christ's blessed name. Amen.

Sermon Outlines *from* PULPIT Readers

Repentance

Text: . . . repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.—Acts 20:21.

I. *Introduction* — What a wonderful thing is repentance! Suppose Christ had come to call only the righteous to himself, and not sinners to repentance! What if God would let us sin, but would not let us repent! It is repentance that makes the gospel a message of joy. And there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.

II. *Body of Sermon* — Repentance in the abstract not so interesting as actual persons who repented. Three instances of repentance from the Bible: 1. *The Lost Son.* The story. Note that this young man "arose"; desires, intentions, determinations are not enough. He "arose and came." Note also that he came with true repentance; he confessed his sin. Note also that he had faith that his father would forgive him. "The heart of the Eternal is most wonderfully kind."

2. *The Repentance of Peter.* The story. Here was repentance of a particular sin, and of a friend and disciple of Christ; that brings his sin and repentance close to us. In this story three things stand out: (a) Peter's bitter tears; sincere sorrow, not mere regret; godly sorrow that worketh repentance. Sin is something to be wept over. (b) Peter responded immediately to the warning and appeal of Jesus. Upon the cock's crow Peter was reminded of Jesus' warning, and repented, and went out and wept. (c) In Peter's repentance is seen the power of his faith in the goodness and love of Christ. When he predicted Peter's fall, Jesus had prayed for him that his faith fail not. Now look at his magnificent faith! Don't let Peter's fall blind you to the grandeur of his faith. Note difference between Judas and Peter. Judas was sorry for his sin, but he did not repent and ask for forgiveness. Tears are not enough. Peter's sin, we should note, is a common sin with us. We deny Christ; we must learn, like Peter, to repent, which is sometimes difficult for us because of our selfish pride.

3. *The repentance of the thief on the cross.* The story. There were two thieves, only one repented. Note first that he repented toward God, second that he repented toward Christ: "Remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." So Christ, as the last act of his ministry, unlocked the golden doors of Paradise to a thief who repented and believed.

III. *Conclusion* — The gate of repentance is still open. No man can shut that door; no man except you.

(Clarence E. Macartney, First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Tidings from the Soul

Text: For a man's soul is sometime wont to bring him tidings, more than seven watchmen that sit on high on a watch-tower.—Eccl. 3:12.

I. *Introduction* — The watchers upon the tower give us the observations of fact on which our scientific achievement is based. But the assurances and convictions that give the man of faith his grip on life are the tidings of the soul. What are these assurances, these tidings?

II. *Body of Sermon* — 1. Life is good, in spite of all that would seem to cancel or deny its value. "How good is man's life—the mere living" (Browning's "Saul"). 2. If life itself is good, then it follows that our individual, personal life is good. In this assurance lies the cure for our depressed moods. But, paradoxically, the realization of our shortcomings is one mark of our greatness. The darkness of our self-distrust is the shadow cast by our ideal. 3. If all of life in itself is good, and if my life is good, then it follows that yours and his and hers are good also.

III. *Conclusion* — It may be objected that these "tidings of the soul" are "too good to be true." They are too good *not* to be true. They are of the "things that are not" which shall "bring to nought the things that are." The tidings of the soul are the marching orders of God.

(Allen Hackett, First Congregational Church, Stamford, Conn.)

Toward Better Speech

A Free Forum for the Discussion of Slips of Speech and Manner

It is a common error, in speaking or reading in public, to emphasize the unimportant words. Preachers are flagrant violators, a seminary professor assures us. For example, "FROM everlasting TO everlasting"; "came neither eating NOR drinking"; "but when the Pharisees HEARD it." In each of these cases the important words do not receive their proper emphasis.

Golgotha is not gol-GOTH-a, but **GOL-go-tha.** Chastisement is **CHAS-tise-ment,** not chas-TISE-ment.

Interesting is mispronounced IN-trist-ing and in-ter-REST-ing. Call it, rather, **IN-ter-est-ing.**

Sacrifice is not SAK-ri-fiss. It is **SAK-ri-fize** or SAK-ri-fise, the final i is long, the syllable rhyming with wise.

Contributions to the Forum

From South Carolina: Sacrilegious is **sak-ri-LEE-jus.** Do not omit the U in popular. Italy has three syllables — **IT-a-ly,** and Italian is not EYE-tal-yun, but **i-TAL-yun** — the i is short.

From New York: Is **bade** to rime with made or mad? Mad—**BAD.**

From Ohio: Pet peeve—Enthused where enthusiastic should be used. Example: "He is an enthused leader." No, use enthusiastic.

The "worked-to-death" department—

From Iowa: Recommended for a vacation: EVALUATE, SHARE, ENVISION, CHALLENGE.

Difference of opinion:

From New York: Israel. The second syllable is not "ray." There is no "y" sound. *Answer:* How would you pronounce the y? It is there to stress the fact that the a is a long vowel in an accented syllable.

From New Jersey: Again, Israel: The Hebrew requires that this be **ISS**-ray-el. *Answer:* Sorry, but the Hebrew character is the Sin, not the sharper Sade which receives the hissing sound. Like the s in this case, it is IZ-ray-el.

Contributions to this department should be sent in care of The Pulpit, or in care the Presbyterian Church, Montgomery, W. Va. It will be helpful if illustrations are given in order that suggested errors and their corrections may be understood.

AUBREY N. BROWN.

Toward an Understanding of Lent 1943

By Raymond W. Albright

THE ARRIVAL of the Lenten season quite properly leads thoughtful Christians to appraise the meaning and value of this now well nigh universal Christian observance. For many years Lent was largely a Catholic institution. In more recent years Protestants have come to feel themselves a living part of all the centuries of Christian history. Sensing also that in their zeal to purify Christianity many of the fathers of the Reformation "threw out the child with the bath," as Schleiermacher put it, many Protestant churches have come to reappraise and even to appropriate Christian customs once commonly considered proper only for Catholics.

The wider observance of Lent among Protestants is doubtless the result of an ecumenical feeling which is not only a bond of unity in the current church but a sense of unity with the continuing church. That the observance of this custom may have the greatest possible meaning and value in a period of crisis, when men naturally turn to religion, Christians should know the origin of Lent, the manner of the observance of Lent, and the historic purposes of Lent.

● *The Early History of Lent*

The word Lent comes directly from the Anglo-Saxon *Lenctem,* the common root as well of the German *Lenz* and the Dutch *Lente.* The Romance and Celtic languages take their term from the Latin *Quadragesima* while the Teutonic and even the Greek terms emphasize the idea of the fast as in the German *Fastenzeit* and the Dutch *Vaste.*

Even though the forms of the observance of Lent through the centuries have been by no means uniform, the idea of Lent is traceable to the very earliest Christian history. A fast preparatory to Easter is specifically mentioned by Irenaeus and Tertullian and while rather universally observed there seems to have been considerable latitude as to the duration of this fast. Tertullian wrote of a fast on Good Friday and during the period between the death and resurrection of our Lord. Socrates mentions those in Rome who fasted for three weeks before Easter, except Saturdays and Sundays. Sozomen maintains that a fast of six weeks' duration was observed in Illyria, throughout all of Greece, in Alexandria as well as in Egypt and Palestine. Others about Constantinople and in Phoenicia are known to have maintained a fast of seven weeks but during this period actually fasted only by intervals of fifteen or twenty-one days. The Montanist custom was to fast two weeks; but then they had three fasts and so brought their total abstinence also to six weeks.

From the time of Gregory the Great at the close of the sixth century the pre-Easter fast was of

R. W. Albright

thirty-six days' duration, six weeks omitting Sundays. Previously Sozomen had written of the custom of observing a fast of seven weeks in Constantinople; but in the East they omitted Saturdays and Sundays so that this would leave the actual fast days again at thirty-six since Easter eve would naturally be a fast. Cassian maintained that thirty-six was the maximum number of fast days and speaks of the appropriateness of this number since this is just one-tenth of a year and so fulfills the Mosaic precept of paying tithes.

● *Various Periods of Fasting*

While no one is sure of the exact time when the four days from Ash Wednesday to Sunday were added to the period of Lent, it is quite certain that they were not included in the fast period as early as the time of Gregory as some scholars have contended. In the Gregorian sacramentary the term *Quadragesima* does not appear above these four days. According to Martene this custom was not yet adopted at the writing of the *Regula Magistri* in the seventh century. Shortly thereafter, however, the four days beginning with Ash Wednesday must have become fast days for they are listed as such in the *Penitential* of Egbert, Archbishop of York from 732 to 766, and in the *Rule* of Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz in the latter part of the eighth century.

Despite all these varieties of custom it is still perplexing, as it was already in the fifth century for Socrates, that the word *tessarakoste* was so universally accepted. The origin and first use of the word is not clear but it appears reasonable that the term was applied to the forty hours during which our Lord was under the power of death, from noon Friday to four a.m. Sunday. Then, too, there were the previous forty-day fasts of Moses, Elijah and Jesus. Variable as the periods of fasting have been during the centuries, the actual number of fast days has usually been forty. So even now Christians observe six weeks and four days, or forty-six days, in Lent. When the six Sundays, feast days, are deducted there remain forty days for the observance of fasting or perhaps more properly for the wider and larger penitential discipline of self.

● *Legislation and Customs of Lent*

Usually Lent was observed by the abstinence from food, the restraint of any activities of a festal character, the relaxation of the severities of the law and by a serious attempt to induce a high spirit of penitence and devotion.

While the legislation regarding fasting was less specific than that governing the other observances of Lent, there was nevertheless a rather universal custom of abstaining from food until nightfall during this period. Since no specific reference could be found in the Scripture by which to regulate fasting or even the kinds of food with which one should break the fast at evening, the apostles and many later leaders left this matter to the individual judgment.

It was specifically understood that in breaking the fast at evening time much moderation would be observed. It would not be in keeping with their high appreciation of Lent to abstain entirely from meat or any one kind of food simply to overindulge in others. Luxuries were to be avoided

and the period spent in the discipline of selfish desires.

As there have been in all ages since, there were even then those who felt that after they had observed the bare rituals of Lent they were at liberty to indulge in every luxury they might desire. St. Augustine rebuked those who used the money they saved by fasting for any selfish purpose. Such money, he said, should be given to the poor. In order to lighten the burden of Lenten discipline, periods of enjoyment and colorful occasions like carnivals were arranged for the days immediately preceding Lent.

● *Definite Regulations for Lenten Season*

Despite the lack of uniformity in these practices there were many definite regulations for Lent. Canon 69 of the *Apostolic Canons* ordered that all clerics fast in Lent under penalty of deposition, unless they could prove infirmity, and laymen under penalty of excommunication. The Fourth Council of Orleans in 541, in addition to calling for the observance of Lent, added Saturdays to the fast periods. Aurelian, Bishop of Arles in 545, ordered the clergy to fast every day except Saturdays, Sundays and the greater festivals from Epiphany to Easter. The severity of the fast was to be increased during Holy Week.

The proper observance of Lent also involved abstinence from all events that were festive in character. Festivals of martyrs, marriages, birthdays and similar occasions were absolutely forbidden. Gregory Nazienzus reproved a judge, Celeusius, who had authorized public games and shows during Lent. During one Lenten season the great preacher Chrysostom asked his hearers what they had gained from his sermons, when through the instigations of the devil they had all rushed off to that vain show of Satan, the horse race. On another occasion he speaks of such men as doing themselves much harm and bringing scandal upon others.

It is not unusual to find that civil laws were relaxed during Lent. This is apparent as early as the Theodosian Code of 380, which provided that criminal cases should not be heard during Lent. Occasionally physical punishment and the death sentence were forbidden and debtors were freed from prison during this period.

● *Repentance ond Hope of Salvation*

There was usually a serious attempt to maintain a high spirit of penitence and devotion during Lent, sometimes by increased services of worship, the more frequent celebration of the sacrament, and occasionally by daily sermons as in the case of Chrysostom.

Although the various early liturgies of the church are not in entire agreement as to the observance of Lent, they are strikingly similar. Their purpose is very clear, to bring the individual to a serious consideration of his sinful life, and to emphasize the necessity of repentance and the hope of salvation. The early Gelasian sacramentary provided that early on Ash Wednesday morning a candidate shall be clothed in sackcloth and remain in seclusion until Maundy Thursday, when he shall be reconciled. The Mozarabic liturgy gives directions for the benediction of ashes on Ash Wednesday. After the ashes are blessed, they are sprinkled with holy water and then, as they are received by laity and clerics, probably with the sign of the cross on the forehead, the officiant says, "Remember, man, thou art dust . . ."

● *Preparation for Easter*

From the very beginning Lent was a time of mourning for the death of Jesus and also a time of preparation for Easter. This preparation might be for communion or for admission or readmission to the church.

In the early church, says Tertullian, Lent was observed to commemorate the forty hours during which our Lord was under the power of death and was a period of mourning by the church for its bridegroom who was taken away. Even though the Montanists had three two-week periods of Lenten observance, their motive in each period is clearly a mourning for the absent bridegroom.

Then, too, Lent was a period of zealous and devotional preparation for Easter and the Easter communion, which very early came to be a high point in the church year. By the sixth century, when by conciliar action communion was required at least three times a year, Easter had to be one of these. There is little doubt that very early in the history of the church Lent became the period of greatest religious significance in the year, even as it has remained to the present.

For those who had been excommunicated Lent became the opportunity for penance and proper discipline, which led to their restoration in the church. In some sections such unfortunates were permitted to hear prayers by the priest at the door of the church on Ash Wednesday and then, after making proper satisfaction during Lent, they were admitted to the church on Maundy Thursday or Good Friday.

● *Baptism and Admission to the Church*

Easter was also the time for baptisms and required solemn preparation and fasting on the part of the candidate for admission to the church. At the close of the fourth century Bishop Siricius of Rome stated that names of candidates for baptism were to be presented at least forty days before Easter. Cyril of Jerusalem stressed the importance of the Lenten fast for those who were to be baptized. According to Isadore Palm Sunday was called *capitilavium* because children's heads were then washed in preparation for Easter baptism. Although very little has been written about catechetical instruction as a preparation for baptism, this was a foregone conclusion. It was not unusual to spend two years in such preparation for baptism which with them was also the act of admission to the church.

Very strikingly the customs and motives of the early church in the observance of Lent have been perpetuated in the modern Catholic Church and, to an ever increasing extent, in Protestantism. For Catholics and Protestants alike Lent is still the time for the preparation and admission of members into the church, the religious discipline and spiritual revival of those in the church, and the proper remembrance of the suffering and death of our Lord.

Sorrow and suffering are very real for many thousands in Lent 1943. Sorrow and suffering are a form of mental concentration; they may even prove themselves graces. As the concentration of darkness protects the delicate photographic film so that it is sensitive to even a moment of light, so the soul of man, protected from trivial distractions by the dark hours of suffering and sorrow, may preserve its sensitivity to the real values of life through the disciplines of the Lenten season.

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• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

REV. PAUL SCHERER *has ministered at Holy* Trinity Church (Lutheran), New York, since 1920 and has been for many years speaker on the Sunday Vespers program of the National Broadcasting Company. His sermon in this issue was preached at the Chicago Sunday Evening Club.

Following pastorates in East Cleveland, O., and Bellevue-Pittsburgh, Pa., Rev. HERBERT BEECHER HUDNUT went to Woodward Avenue Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich., where he now ministers. Mr. Hudnut comes of a family of preachers. His father, Rev. William H. Hudnut, Sr., was for 38 years minister of First Presbyterian Church, Youngstown, Ohio.

Dr. ROGEL HAZELTON *is dean of the chapel and* assistant professor of religion in Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo. He was minister of First Congregational Church, Chester, Conn., 1934-36. Five years ago, under a Carl Schurz fellowship, he traveled widely in Europe and studied at Nietzsche-Archiv in Weimar and at the University of Jena. Macmillans have just published a book by Dr. Hazelton entitled *The Root and Flower of Prayer.*

Following a pastorate of four years at Westminster Presbyterian Church in Atlanta, Ga., Rev. PETER MARSHALL went to the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., in 1937. His parish is one of the largest and most historic in the capital city.

Since 1930 Rev. ALLAN KNIGHT CHALMERS *has ministered* at Broadway Tabernacle (Congregational) in New York city. Earlier pastorates were in West Springfield, Mass., New Haven, Conn., and Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Chalmers has for many years been a leader in the peace movement.

Rev. HAROLD E. FEY *is field editor of The Christian* Century.

Dr. RAYMOND W. ALBRIGHT *is professor of church* history in the Evangelical School of Theology, Reading, Pa., and in Temple University, Philadelphia.

Rev. WILLIAM R. STEININGER *is minister of the* First Congregational Church, Antioch, Calif.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

JOSEPH W. REEVES, N. Cong'l, Winchendon, Mass. "No Rationing of Religion." Matt. 5:6—"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

WILLIAM P. MERRILL, Brick Presbyterian, New York (Pastor Emeritus). "Has Christianity Had Its Day?" Matt. 1:3—"Art thou he that should come; or do we look for another?"

J. KENDRICK BALLOU, First Cong'l, Sunnyvale, Cal. "Are We Fighting a War for Survival—or for Justice and Freedom for All Peoples?" Eph. 6:12—"For ours is not a conflict with mere flesh and blood, but with the despotisms, the empires, the forces that control and govern this dark world—the spiritual hosts of evil arrayed against us in the heavenly warfare." (Weymouth)

AARON N. MECKEL, First Cong'l, Braintree, Mass. "When Our Failures Succeed." Job 23:10—"When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

T. H. THIELPAPE, Crescent Pl. Reformed, Yonkers, N. Y. "One Day's Rations." Matt. 6:34—"Be not anxious for the morrow." 2 Cor. 12:9—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

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Title of sermon

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Text used (write out the text)

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Name of minister

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JOHN B. CAVITT, First Presbyterian, San Bernardino, Cal. "God's New Deal." Psalm 103:10—"He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities."

JOHN F. C. GREEN, Evang. Cong'l, McKeesport, Pa. "Retrospect and Prospect." Jer. 6:16—"Ask for the old paths—where is the good way; and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

JOHN F. NORMAN, First Christian, Galesburg, Ill. "The Cross of Circumstance." Luke 23:26—"And when they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country, and laid on him the cross, to bear it after Jesus."

H. M. MCMULLEN, Cong'l, Edgewood, R. I. "When God Hides." Psalm 13:1—"How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?"

ALFRED W. SWAN, First Cong'l, Madison, Wis. "Salvation to a Mad World." Mark 9:29—"This kind can come out by nothing save by prayer and fasting."

H. D. MCKEEHAN, Abbey Church, Huntington, Pa. "The Fidelity of God." Heb. 10:23—"Let us hold fast the confession of our hope without faltering, for he who promised is faithful."

JAMES E. FREEMAN, Bishop of Washington. "Christian Unity Indispensable." Amos 3:3—"Can two walk together, except they be agreed?"

W. ARDEN COE, Olivet Presbyterian, Utica, N. Y. "Our Global Faith." Rom. 10:12—"for the same Lord is Lord of all."

T. A. ZIMMERMAN, Larger Parish, LeRaysville, Pa. "One Family in Christ." Mark 3:35—"For whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

THE amazing success of the Russian armies during the past month stands out as the most significant development in the war to date. How far these successes may go it is unsafe to predict. Whether the German weakness is due to the diversion of Hitler's forces to those points where he expects an Anglo-American invasion, or to the inherent superiority of Russian forces and generalship, cannot yet be known. In any case, the war, in its European aspect, has resolved itself into a race to Berlin—a race between the Russians and their Western allies. That this rivalry, while friendly, is not purely friendly, there can be little doubt. It will make a great difference to the peace if the Germans should capitulate to the Russians while the British and Americans are held at bay. For Russia to strike the decisive blow would probably mean that Germany would go communist. There are reasons why the German people, with the nazi regime out of the picture, would rather be integrated in the U.S.S.R. than come under the power of her Western enemies. And there are good reasons why Stalin would offer more meliorative terms than his allies intend. No doubt this possible outcome of the war was discussed at Casablanca as something highly undesirable and which could be precluded only by a gigantic offensive on the Western or Southern front. As a possible outcome it opens up a field for solemn speculation. Of one thing we may be sure. If Stalin decisively beats his allies to Berlin, they might as well quit talking about "policing Germany" after the war. Stalin will see to that, and probably not on terms which will need to be called "policing."

The Race to Berlin

The Book of the Month

THE NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN, VOLUME II. *By Reinhold Niebuhr. Scribners, $2.75.*

I HAVE no difficulty in selecting the most important book for this month, because the second volume of Dr. Niebuhr's Gifford Lectures at the University of Edinburgh stands in a class all by itself in its vitality, its dealing with the profoundest issues which confront the Christian faith today, and in the masterly manner in which he has elaborated his thesis. In my brief space it is impossible to give any statement of the content of the book that would be intelligible to one who has not read it; and those who have read it are as yet few, for the book has just come from the press. I have only an hour ago finished my first reading of it. I intend to go over it again, and I may write out an appraisal of its significance, whether for publication or just as an act of self-discipline remains to be seen. It must suffice here to say that, in my judgment, Dr. Niebuhr has given us the most comprehensive and penetrating diagnosis of the illness of modern culture and of modern Christianity which has appeared in our generation. The first volume of these Lectures which appeared two years ago, and which I then reviewed on this page, consisted largely of an analysis of the predicament into which man has been betrayed by modern culture. In this volume the author undertakes constructively to set forth the Christian view of human destiny and to exhibit the failure of Christian thought through the centuries to rise to the full height of the biblical record of the Christian revelation. This book is so monumental in its originality, its erudition and its clarity of insight that any Christian leader who fails to read it will surely find himself behind the times before another year has passed. I predict that it will produce an intense discussion not only within the church but in circles of secular culture generally, and that in a time when Christianity has almost ceased to be considered worth discussing.

A Thought for the Month

IN our Christian emphasis upon the principle of self-sacrifice, we are in danger of losing sight of the equally Christian principle of self-realization. Giving oneself and being a self worth giving—these are the two poles of the Christian life. We are not merely commanded to love others, but to love others as we love ourselves. Consider Jesus. We think of him as the great giver, the self-sacrificer, the servant of all. Yet the story of his life exhibits him as no cheap dispenser of kindness, rushing busily here and yon to do things for people. There was a distinct element of self-restraint in his self-giving. At the footwashing he took the part of a servant, but according to John it was when he was most conscious of his inherent dignity—he knew that he came from God and went to God—that he took the towel and basin. Much of our self-giving is futile and even cheap because the self that goes with the gift is not worth much. Christian devotion is not self-less, it is self-giving and its value depends upon the dignity of the self *given*. A mother needs to remember this, lest by self-less devotion to her young children she awakens some day to find that they have grown beyond the bounds of her companionship. Pastors need to remember it, lest they wear themselves out in self-less activity for their flock at the cost of their own intellectual and spiritual growth. "Personal workers" for Christ need to remember it, lest they cheapen their enthusiasm for others by fanaticism. After all, the best thing we can do for people is to be our own highest and richest and worthiest selves. This is no substitute for the outstretched hand in concrete service, but in the everyday walk of life the finest thing we can give to those who walk by our side is the confidence, the freedom, the peace and the strength of our own soul.

Unselfishness, Not Self-lessness

Charles Clayton Morrison

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